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But this kind of fishing cannot be compared to the summer fishing: the fish play with much less energy, and in general are in bad season; and the fly used for fishing is almost like a bird—four or five times larger than the summer fly, and the coarsest tackle may be employed. I have heard that Lord Home has sometimes taken thirty fish in a day, in spring fishing. About, and above Melrose, I have taken, in a morning in July, two or three grilises; and in September the same number. I have known eighteen taken earlier, by an excellent salmon fisher, at Merton; and the late Lord Somerville often took six or seven fish in a day's angling. The same "*juir*" I must apply to most of the Scotch rivers. Of the Tay I have already spoken.

In the Don I have seen salmon rise, and hooked one, but never killed a fish. In the Spey I enjoyed one of the best days' sport (perhaps the very best) I ever have enjoyed; it was in the beginning of September, in close time; the water was low, and as net fishing had been given over for some days, the lower pools were full of fish. By a privilege, which I owed to the late Duke of Gordon, I fished at this forbidden time, and hooked twelve or thirteen fish in one day. One was above 30lbs., but it broke me by the derangement of my reel. I landed seven or eight,—one above 20lbs., which gave me great play in the rapids above the bridge. I returned to the same spot in 1813, the year after: the river was in excellent order, and it was the same time of the year, but just after a flood,—I caught nothing; the fish had all run up the river; the pools where I had such sport the year before, were empty. I have fished there since, with a like result,—but this was before the 12th of August, the close day. In the Sutherland and Caithness rivers, many salmon, I have no doubt, may still be caught. The Brora, Sutherland, in 1813 and 1814, was an admirable river: I have often rode from the mansion of the princely and hospitable lord and lady of that county, after breakfast, and returned at two or three o'clock, having taken from three to eight salmon—several times eight. There were five pools below the wears of the Brora, which always contained fish; and at the top of one pool, which from its size was almost inexhaustible, I have taken three or four salmon the same day. Another pool, nearer the sea, was almost equal to it; and at that time I should have placed the Brora above the Ewe for certainty of sport. When I fished there last, in 1817, the case was altered, and I caught only three or four fish in the very places where I had six years before been so successful. In the Helmsdale there are some good pools, and I have caught fine fish there when the river has been high. I have fished in the river at Thurso, but without success—it was always foul when I made my attempt. I have heard of a good salmon river in Lord Reay's country, the Laxford; its name, of Norwegian origin, would seem to be characteristic. Along the coast of Scotland, most of the streams, if taken at the right time, afford sport. In this county the Beaully is a good river, and I have caught salmon in that very beautiful spot below the falls of Kilmornack. The Ness, at Inverness, and the Awe and Lochy, I have fished in, but without success. I may say the same of the Ayr, and of the rivers which empty themselves into the Solway Frith. A little preserved stream, at Ardgowan, was formerly excellent, after a flood in September, for sea trout, and later for salmon: I have had good sport there, and some of my friends have had better.

In Ireland there are some excellent rivers; and, what you will hardly believe possible, comparing the character of the two nations, some of them are taken better care of than the Scotch rivers; which arises a good deal from the influence of the Catholic priests, when they are concerned in the interests of the proprietors, or the Catholic peasantry. I should place the Erne, at Ballyshannon, as now the first river, for salmon fishing from the banks with a rod, in the British dominions; and the excellent proprietor of it, Dr. Shiel, is liberal and courteous to all gentlemen fly fishers. The Moy, at Ballina, is likewise an admirable salmon river; and sport, I believe, may almost always be secured there in every state of the waters; but the best fishing can only be commanded by the use of a boat. I have taken in the Erne two or three large salmon in the morning; and in the Moy, three or four grilises, or, as they are called in Ireland, *grauls*; and this was in a very bad season for salmon fishing. The Bann, near Coleraine, abounds in salmon; but in this river, except in close time, when it is unlawful to fish there, there are few good casts. In the Bush, a small river about seven miles to the east of the Bann, there is admirable salmon fishing, always after great floods; but in fine and dry weather it is of little use to try. I have hooked twenty fish in a day, after the first August

floods, in this river; and, should sport fail, the celebrated Giant's Causeway is within a mile of its mouth, and furnishes to the lovers of natural beauty, or of geological research, almost inexhaustible sources of interest. The Blackwater, at Lismore, is a very good salmon river: and the Shannon, above Limerick and at Castle Connell, whenever the water is tolerably high, offers many good casts to the fly fisher; but they can only be commanded by boats. But there is no considerable river along the northern or western coast,—with the exception of the Avoca, which has been spoiled by the copper mines,—that does not afford salmon, and if taken at the proper time, offer sport to the salmon fisher.—*Salmonia.*

FORETHOUGHT.—Irishmen are reproached for precipitation and want of forethought. A good way to cure this, is to store the memory early with little pithy sayings, such as, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost," &c. M. Say tells the following story:

"Being in the country," says he, "I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. For the want of a latchet of small value, the wicket of a barn-yard leading to the fields was often left open. Every one who went through drew the door to; but as there was nothing to fasten the door with, it was always left flapping; sometimes open, and sometimes shut. So the cocks and hens, and the chickens, got out, and were lost. One day a fine pig got out, and ran off into the woods; and after the pig ran all the people about the place,—the gardener, and the cook, and the dairy-maid. The gardener first caught sight of the runaway, and, hastening after it, sprained his ankle; in consequence of which the poor man was not able to get out of the house again for a fortnight. The cook found, when she came back from pursuing the pig, that the linen she had left by the fire had fallen down, and was burning; and the dairy-maid having, in her haste, neglected to tie up the legs of one of her cows, the cow had kicked a colt, which was in the same stable, and broken its leg. The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, to say nothing of the pain he suffered. The linen which was burned, and the colt which was spoiled, were worth as much more. Here, then, was caused a loss of forty crowns, as well as much trouble, plague, and vexation, for the want of a latch which would not have cost threepence."

The Dublin Penny Journal could hardly expect to be wholly exempted from the lot which has hitherto attended every effort made to raise the character of our country in the pursuits of literature. But that it should have provoked the hostility of those who might naturally be regarded as the friends of every effort to diffuse a taste for the arts and sciences amongst the people of Ireland, is certainly a matter both of astonishment and regret. Yet it is even so.

A London publisher, conceiving that we have copied some of our illustrations from his work, has endeavoured to obtain, though without success, an injunction from the Court of Chancery, to restrain our publication. Supposing that we have done so, what injury has he sustained thereby? has he a copyright in our public buildings and ancient edifices to prohibit us from taking the same views of them which his artists have done? Certainly not; and though we might have been a slight gainer in the way of expence at the outset of our little work, by copying the outlines of some of his plates, he could be no loser. His true and just copyright lay in the pictorial effort, and elaborate beauty of his steel engravings, and if we had made duplicates of those, it would have been an infringement of his right, and he would have had some reason for complaint. But what person that has the slightest pretensions to judgment or taste in the fine arts, will believe that these effects of a finished steel engraving, could be transferred to such humble efforts of the wood-cutter as ours? The thing is quite ludicrous.

But it is asserted that the sale of "*Ireland Illustrated*" has fallen off very considerably since the commencement of the publication of the "*Dublin Penny Journal*!" What then? are there no other causes that might be assigned for this? Is there not a decline in the sale of all expensive works at present? Do the Messrs. Fisher expect their work would never have a diminution in its sale—has it not been before the public for years, and is there a single person of the aristocracy or even middle classes in society, who has been left unasked by their agents to become a purchaser? Bah! we know better what their motives are. But the Dublin Penny Journal shall not be extinguished by their means. We consider ourselves to have violated no principle either in law or equity, and shall meet fearlessly any legal efforts which may be made to crush us.

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